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MORNINGS, BY
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

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215 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

ANNOUNCEMENTS
We are authorized to announce
HON. DAVID H. KINCHELOE,
of Hopkins county, as a candidate
for Congress from the Second district,
subject to action of the democratic
primary August, 1914.

For Congress.
We are authorized to announce
J. W. HENSON
as a candidate for the Democratic
nomination for Congress for the
Second Congressional District,
subject to the action of the primary
to be held in August, 1914.

Theodore Roosevelt Pell, a relative
of Teddy, went to jail rather
than to pay a \$5 for speeding in
New York.

The Federals have evacuated Chi-
huahua without a struggle, leaving
it to be occupied by the Mexican
rebels. A shortage of food was the
reason given.

At Prince Albert, Sask. Canada,
Cathleen Simmons, aged 13 has been
convicted of the murder of a little
girl 9 years old, whom she beat to
death with a shovel.

The figures of the hunting seasons'
casualties, compiled in Chicago, give
135 deaths and 125 injured. Wisconsin
led with 29, Michigan had 29,
Alaska 27 and New York 19 and the
rest were scattered over the entire
country. Kentucky had none. It is
estimated that 100,000 hunters were
in the field first and last.

Declaring that threats had
been made against his life and his
home since he had ordered the sus-
pension of business by all saloons in
Nashville some time ago, Judge A.
B. Neil has directed the sheriff to
post a deputy at the door of every
drinking place if necessary to keep
to keep them closed.

Constipation Poisons You.
If you are constipated, your intire
system is poisoned by the waste mat-
ter kept in the body—serious results
often follow. Use Dr. King's New
Life Pills and you will soon get rid
of constipation, headache and other
troubles. 25c. at Druggists or by
mail, H. E. Bucklen & Co., Phila.
& St. Louis.
Advertisement.

OLD NEW ENGLAND HOUSES
Charm of Early Homesteads Remi-
niscent of England Appeals
to All Visitors.

These early homesteads, framed of
hewn timber, fastened with oak pins
and handmade nails, and finished
when New England's architecture
still was reminiscent of English
homes and meeting houses, are, at
least in other people's eyes, among
New England's choicest possessions.
Their charm is felt at once by our
summer guests. They make the ten-
derest human touch in the land-
scapes that draw the tourist to "Vac-
ation land." For the dignity of their
design, for their color and composi-
tion in the view, these irreplaceable
monuments of the simpler days de-
serve protection. Now, before it is
too late, public sentiment should be
bent upon their keeping. Private per-
sons that have the means should fol-
low the example set by the late Cap-
tain Baker of Wellfleet, who saved
from decay or destruction a score of
old houses scattered through that
part of the cape he loved best. And
the societies that have earned praise
for their efforts in behalf of this and
that historic house might well make
a wide campaign in behalf of the sev-
enteenth and eighteenth century
house as a class.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

Woman's Greatest Trouble.
Big Sandy, Tenn.—Mrs. Lucy Can-
trell, of this place, says: "Every two
weeks, I had to go to bed and stay
there several days. I suffered untold
misery. Nothing seemed to help me
until I tried Cardui, the woman's
tonic. Although I had been afflicted
with womanly weakness for seven
years, Cardui helped me more than
anything else ever did. It is surely
the best tonic for women on earth." Weakness is woman's greatest trouble.
Cardui is woman's greatest medicine, because it overcomes that
weakness and brings back strength.
In the past fifty years, Cardui helped
over a million women. Try it for
your troubles, today.
Advertisement.

Preferred Locals.
See J. H. Daggs for contracting
building and general repair work of
all kinds. Phone 476.
Advertisement.

For Sale.
One good second hand, 4 H. P.,
horizontal International gasoline en-
gine, in good running order, at a
bargain.
PLANTERS HARDWARE CO.
Incorporated.
Advertisement.

For Sale.
400 barrels of corn, at \$4.00 a
barrel.
BROCKMAN MASON
Hopkinsville, R. 1.
Advertisement.

Fire Insurance.
There has been quite a number of
Fire Insurance Companies which
have quit writing Insurance on
dwellings, but none of the Companies
represented by us have quit writing
this class of business. We can write
you all the Insurance you want in
the best of Companies. Call and see
us when wanting anything in the In-
surance line. Remember our Motto
a quick settlement of losses.
J. H. HIGGINS & SON.
Advertisement.

PUBLIC SALE
I will on Tuesday, Dec. 9th, 1913,
at the late residence of H. L. John-
son, on the Madisonville road, about
four miles north from Hopkinsville,
sell to the highest bidder, the follow-
ing personal property belonging to
the estate of H. L. Johnson, deceased:
Wagons, Plows, Harrows and
other Farming Implements, Mule
Also a lot of Household and Kitchen
Furniture. Terms made known on
day of sale.
LUTHER JOHNSON,
Admr. of H. L. Johnson, deceased.
Advertisement.

Believed Fish Had a Language.
In the old Roman days the murae-
ns, or sea eels, were supposed to be
possessed of a "language"—"low and
sweet," it is denominated by one an-
cient writer, "and with an intonation
so fascinating that few could resist its
influence." The Emperor Augustus, it
was contended, was the only mortal
who could understand this "language."

**Dr. Hobson's Ointment
Heals Itchy Eczema.**
The constantly itching, burning
sensation and other disagreeable
forms of eczema, tetter, salt rheum
and skin eruptions promptly cured
by Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment.
Geo. W. Fitch, of Mendota, Ill. says:
"I purchased a box of Dr. Hobson's
Eczema Ointment. Have had Ecze-
ma ever since the civil war, have
been treated by many doctors, none
have given the benefit that one box
of Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment
has." Every sufferer should try it.
We're so positive it will help you we
guarantee it or money refunded. At
all Druggists or by mail 50c. Pfeiffer
Chemical Co. Phila. & St. Louis.
Advertisement.

Proper Way to Pot Plant.
In potting a plant place it in the
center of the pot, on top of the one-
half inch of soil which covers the
drainage material, hold it with the left
hand and sift the soil with the right
in among the roots until they are cov-
ered; strike the bottom of the pot
lightly on the table to settle the soil,
and press down the soil firmly with
the hands.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the
Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

HIS FIRST OUTING
Edward Must Have Enjoyed It So
Much After That Long
Illness.

By MARY STEWART CUTTING.
Good evening, Mrs. Callender—
good evening, Mr. Callender. You
see I have my husband with me! Ed-
ward has said all through his illness
that the very first time he went out it
would be over here to your house, so
you see it's quite an event.
The doctor said this morning,
when he found Edward so depressed,
that if the weather continued to be
mild it would be the very best thing
in the world for him to have a little
change of scene and thought—to be
taken out of himself; that's what he
really needs now.

He wanted to come over here
alone, but I said to him: No, Ed-
ward, I don't dare let you go with-
out me. I'm so afraid you might do
something imprudent.

Of course he doesn't realize it; but
he has to be watched every minute,
especially now that he begins to
seem all right. You have to be so
careful about ptomaine poisoning.

Mrs. Callender, would you mind
moving your chair a little, so that
Edward can move his out of the
draft? No. Edward, you don't feel
it now, but you will feel it.

Thank you, Mrs. Callender. Per-
haps I shall be more at ease about
him if the window's shut. It's all
very well for you to say you like the
air, Edward; you don't realize now
how dangerous air is, but if you wake
up in the middle of the night with
a pain in the back of your neck and
I have to go down and get hot water
bottles for you, you'll wish that you
had been more careful.

What do you think, Mr. Callender
—I have heated 117 water bottles for
him in the last three weeks!

Edward, dear, put your feet up on
this ottoman—I know Mrs. Callen-
der will excuse you. I'll throw my
cape over them, in case they might
get chilled.

Edward! How can you act like
that, so perfectly silly? Very well,
then, never mind about the cape.
Aren't men just like children? I'm
sure you wouldn't behave like this,
Mr. Callender, if your wife took you
out after such a severe illness as he
has had! Well, it's very kind of you
to speak that way.

I'm sure I have tried to do all that
I could—nobody knows what I've
been through. I've had to keep ev-
erything to myself. He was so ter-
ribly ill that first week—he doesn't
realize how ill he was. If it wasn't
the dreadful pain in his head it was
pain all over him.

I put sixteen plasters on him a
day, and when you consider what
that means, Mrs. Callender, running
up and down two pairs of stairs to
the kitchen and back again to make
each plaster, besides everything else
that came on me—O, yes, I know
that I ought to have had a trained
nurse, but at the time I was so an-
xious about Edward—when it's your
husband you feel as if you must do
everything yourself for him.

Yes, that's what uses you up so,
standing on your feet. I said to Ed-
ward today: Edward, if you realized
all I go through, standing on my
feet—

Yes, dear, I knew you wanted me
to send for your mother to help me,
but— He doesn't understand, as
you would, Mrs. Callender, how
much work it makes to have an-
other person—and especially an old-
er person, like your husband's
mother—in the house during sick-
ness.

Mrs. Delaney is perfectly dear and
considerate, but you can't treat her
like anybody else—you wouldn't
want to, of course, and besides, she's
one of those people who can only eat
very simple things, and you know
how much trouble that makes with
the girl in the kitchen—it means
something extra cooked for each
meal, and we are always getting out
of the right cereal, no matter how
I try not to!

I really felt, just now, that with
Edward as he is, I really couldn't
stand anything more on my mind.

He looks a great deal better, I
know, but his color isn't quite right
even yet—you can notice it around
his nose and under his eyes. You
ought to have seen him at first—he
was actually green. Yes, you were,
Edward; the doctor said—

Why, Edward!—Very well, dear,
it's all right; we won't say any more
about it. Just let me feel your hands
a moment. You don't think you're
getting too tired? No, dear, I know

but I like me to ask you how you
feel, but it is necessary sometimes.
Don't you think you'd better have
a glass of milk, dear? I know, Mrs.
Callender, that you'd just as lief
get it for him. Never mind, Mrs.
Callender, when he speaks like that
I just let him alone. Why don't you
talk to Mr. Callender, dear?

Is that a cigar? Now, you don't
want to smoke? O, Edward, I wish
you wouldn't! Why can't you just
enjoy seeing Mr. Callender do it?
Well, if you must!

You've no idea how irritable he
gets, Mrs. Callender—he doesn't
hear; he's talking to your husband.
It's his nerves, of course; ptomaine
poisoning upsets you all over—it
seems to come out in a new place
every day.

Yesterday I bought him some
shirts at a sale in town—they were
really beautiful quality—the only
thing the matter was that they were
a little tight in the neck, and he
really became almost—uncontrolled
—at the idea of wearing them.

Even when I pointed out to him
that as I bought them at a sale they
couldn't be exchanged, it made no
difference to him. Men have no idea
of economy.

What is that that you are telling
Mr. Callender, Edward? It isn't the
latter part of May that Mr. Fales
had the accident; it was the first of
June. I remember about it particu-
larly, for I was washing my hair
when it happened, and I always
washed it the first of the month, be-
cause that woman I went to said it
stimulated the growth if you had
a regular time for it, although mine
comes out in perfect handfuls.

Well, dear, you always want me
to be accurate. I assure you, Mr.
Callender, I'll never forget that
morning. I heard Mrs. Fales
scream, and then I saw Edward
rushing down the road with his hat
off, and the first thing Mr. Fales
said to him when he was regaining
consciousness was "Drive that fly
away—drive that fly away!" and all
that Edward could say—he was so
distracted—was, "Which one, which
one?" And Mr. Fales gasped, "The
one with the blue eyes!" Now, I
can't see anything amusing in that,
can you?

Well, Edward, why didn't you tell
it yourself, then; I'm sure nobody
was preventing you. Well, dear,
don't talk if you don't want to.

Was that your new maid who went
through the hall just now, Mrs. Cal-
lender? She looks as if she had a
cheerful disposition.

O, yes, the one I have is neat, but
she doesn't seem to get anything
done. She cries all the time, the way
they always do when they have a
lover. We have done nothing but
change all summer. Edward says he
is sick and tired of hearing about
servants, but I tell him if the burden
of it all fell on him, as it does on
me, he'd find out the difference.

The things they do pass belief; I
had a cook the first Christmas after
we were married, twelve years ago,
and she—yes, Edward, dear, I know
you've heard the story often before,
but Mr. and Mrs. Callender have
not, and I am telling it to them.

Well, dear perhaps we had better
go home. You see, Mr. Callender,
he's not had as much dissipation as
this for a long time. When I think
of all those nights when I sat watch-
ing beside him, with the light
turned down in the room so that I
could only just see his face, and with
all those queer, creepy noises around
that you seem to hear in the house
after midnight when everything else
is still, it made it seem as if nothing
was ever going to be the same any
more—as if the children and I—O,
when I think of that and look at him
now, it makes me so happy!

Why, Edward, dear, you mustn't
help me down the steps; I ought to
be doing it for you!—Boston Globe

QUEEN DISLIKES SHOOTING.

Queen Mary makes no secret of
the fact that she cares nothing for
sport. This season she has not
joined the "guns" even once at
luncheon.

Nor does Princess Mary like to see
animals killed. Some years ago,
when the Prince of Wales first start-
ed shooting, he begged his sister to
come and admire his prowess. She
went, but the sight of the birds fall-
ing made her ill, and forthwith she
decided the moors were no place for
her.

INDORSED.

Hobson—Are you in favor of that
curfew law?

Dobson—Yes; I'm in favor of any
law that reduces the number of
dogs.—Judge.

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*
of
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA

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AT HALF PRICE**

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**DECEMBER
JANUARY
FEBRUARY**

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has made a special arrangement where-
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Kentuckian, Tri-Weekly, can be fur-
nished one year for \$5.00, six months
\$3.75, by mail (Sunday Courier
not included) to all persons who will give
their orders to us during the months
named above. Remember, the Daily
Courier-Journal and THIS PAPER one
year each

For Only \$5.00

After February 28, 1914, the price of
the Daily Courier-Journal alone is \$6.00
a year. Take advantage of this special
Bargain Offer at once and REDUCE THE
HIGH COST OF LIVING.

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Orders Must Be Sent To Us, Not to
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With ample working capital, exceptional collection arrange-
ments, and a thoroughly organized office system this bank
has the ability and disposition to extend to its customers
every facility warranted by safe, conservation banking.

**Three Per Cent Interest on Time Certificates of
Deposit.**

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